From the Author

THE

PROGRESS OF SATIRE:

AN

ESSAY IN VERSE.

WITH NOTES,

CONTAINING

REMARKS ON "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE."

SECOND EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

——— non ſi quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas; examenque improbum in iſtâ
Caſtiges trutinâ. *Perſ.*

What, if an addle-headed Public praiſe
The proud conceited Pedant's rumbling lays,
Shall we not weigh his inſolent pretence
In juſter ſcales,—the ſcales of Truth and Senſe?

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PREFACE.

THE approbation with which the following Eſſay has been received by * many of the beſt judges, and, indeed, by the public in general, has induced me to reviſe it with care, and endeavour, by conſiderable additions and improvements, to render it more worthy of their notice. I am, however, ſenſible it can claim but little

* Among theſe I could mention two, at leaſt, of the four gentlemen in whoſe ſuppoſed approbation my adverſary triumphs. But I ſcorn to quote the private converſations of any man in favour of my work. It is equally unfair and mean in an anonymous writer; ſince the public at large have no means of knowing whether he ſpeaks truth, or not. Let that public decide (and they will decide juſtly in the end), whether the *little Satiriſt*'s Poem (as he calls it) or this Eſſay is written with moſt candour, taſte, or even poetical ſpirit.

merit, except in the intention; which is, not to retaliate any perſonal inſult myſelf or friends may have ſuſtained, but to ſhew to the public, and particularly to men of literature, how unbecoming it is in itſelf, and how prejudicial to the intereſts of learning, to encourage anonymous Satires; the authors of which, being ſecure from all effectual reſponſibility, attack indiſcriminately the moſt reſpectable characters, and laugh at every appeal to the laws of candour and good-nature.

The reader of this who may have peruſed the Letter prefixed to the later editions of the *Purſuits of Literature*, will probably be of opinion that the Author's defence (if it can be deemed one) againſt the charge of perſonal malignity is chiefly directed to the objections urged againſt him in this work. He diſdains, indeed, to name any of his adverſaries, or to reply in detail to any one of their accuſations. This is convenient: this is worthy of the GREAT AUTHOR; who, like the *Great Nation*, may condeſcend to *do* an injury, but ſhould never condeſcend to repair, or even fairly to defend it.

But

But let him, if he dares, come to the point. Let him, inſtead of ſheltering himſelf under general expreſſions, juſtify the *inſtances* of miſconduct brought forward in this publication. If he declines to do this, may not the contempt with which he affects to treat his adverſaries (adding inſult to injury) be retorted by an indignant public on himſelf?

Adverting, however, in the mean time to the leading topics of this notable defence, let us conſider whether the principles laid down by him are not often unjuſt, and whether they are, at all events, applicable to thoſe inſtances of the writer's miſconduct which have been repeatedly produced.

"Playfulneſs and humour," he complains, "have received other appellations;" viz. (I preſume, for his *delicacy* does not permit him to name them,) ill-nature and inſolence. A few queſtions will enable the public to decide on this point.

1. Is it playfulneſs and humour (or does it deſerve thoſe *other* appellations) to blend with

the opinion of an Author's work a repreſentation, or rather miſrepreſentation, of his private concerns, for the purpoſe of rendering his character ridiculous*? In other words, Does every man who publiſhes a book expoſe *thereby* all his private life to ſarcaſtic obſervation and obloquy?

2. Is it "playfulneſs and humour" to miſrepreſent the origin and object of a charitable inſtitution, for the purpoſe of ridiculing that inſtitution, or ſome perſon who endeavours to promote it†?

3. Is it *mere* playfulneſs and humour (without the leaſt mixture of ill-will or envy) ſarcaſ-

* This he has done in ſome inſtances; and in one, perhaps, a much heavier charge might be juſtly brought againſt him. But it is reſerved till he ſhall be *compleatly* drawn forth from his lurking-place. He is, indeed, ſufficiently known already to all who duly conſider the circumſtances that have happened ſince the firſt publication of his work.

† See Part IV. page 13, of the early editions. It is true this ſhameful paſſage is now omitted, but it ſtood in two or three editions; and the author has therefore no right to expect it ſhould be forgotten.

tically

tically to depreciate the talents of a gentleman, even at the expence of truth, becauſe he has, early in life, obtained a reſpectable and confidential ſituation under the government of the country *?

4. Is it *mere* playfulneſs and humour to dwell at length, ſarcaſtically, as well as ludicrouſly, on the propenſity of a man of learning (no Author by the way) to collect curious editions of books, and his attending at ſales for that purpoſe †?

* He repreſents the *Microcoſm*, to which Mr. Canning, whilſt a boy at Eton, contributed, as the work of his riper years, for the purpoſe of depreciating his abilities. Some circumſtance, however, has alarmed or ſhamed the little man, for he has ſuddenly changed his ſatirical note into a panegyric, and thinks the former is forgot:—

"Inſolent thought! and like a ſecond blow."

† I think no candid man can doubt that his note on Dr. Goſſet, (Part IV. page 13.) as it ſtood at firſt, was meant ill-naturedly to depreciate and ridicule him, however powerleſs in it's effect. If, as he intimates, Dr. G. laughs at the note himſelf, it is at the folly and abſurdity, not at any wit or humour, contained in it.

5. Is it playfulneſs or humour to repreſent the diligence of a reſpectable Member of Parliament, in effecting thoſe improvements in the promulgation of Statutes, and that attention to the revival of them the want of which has been juſtly complained of, as originating in the mere deſire of ſelf-importance *?

6. Is it playfulneſs and humour to endeavour to vilify one of the brighteſt ornaments of our church, by repreſenting him as proud and mean, on an idle tale, unſupported by evidence, and contrary to the known liberality of his character †?

7. Is it playfulneſs and humour to pronounce the mind of a man to be crafty, merely from the

* See Part IV. page 29, (note i.) This wretched attempt at ill-natured ſarcaſm is now indeed omitted; but I ſaw it in the third edition of that Dialogue, and believe it continued to the fifth: ſo that his malice circulated throughout the kingdom. Nor does he now make the leaſt apology.

† The ſtory ariſes, I am well informed, from a circumſtance that happened when the Prelate alluded to was Biſhop of Saliſbury, but without his fault. Let the little man, if he dares, produce his authority for the aſſertion he has hazarded.

appearance

appearance of his countenance in a print? and this too of a venerable exile; whoſe rank, character, and misfortunes have a peculiar claim to the protection of this country *?

Laſtly; Is it mere playfulneſs and humour to allude, in ſarcaſtic and contemptuous terms, to the circumſtance of a diſtinguiſhed Barriſter being obliged, by the inceſſant exertions of his mind and fatigues of his profeſſion, to take opium occaſionally for his relief †?

More inſtances might be produced; but theſe may, for the preſent, be ſufficient to exerciſe all the Author's ingenuity in defence. But I aſk his pardon—this he diſdains—his "‡ *countenance*

* See Part IV. page 26, (note e.) A remark as ungenerous as ever diſgraced the page of a libeller.

† The whole note on Mr. Erſkine is, indeed, unworthy of any gentleman or ſcholar.

‡ κυνος ομματ' εχων.—But when, ſoon afterwards, he declares his reſolution to remain concealed, what reader does not anticipate the concluſion—κραδιην δ' ελαφοιο?—and may we not juſtly exclaim (in the ſtrong language of Pope's tranſlation),

Oh monſter, mix'd of inſolence and fear!
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!

"*is unaltered*," &c. Bravo! There is nothing like facing it out: there is nothing ſo convenient as to avoid all diſcuſſions of a conduct which candour and juſtice would condemn, to ridicule the complaints of the injured, to deſpiſe the cenſures of the candid, and to trample on public opinion in the ſolemn confidence of aſſumed dignity.

Yet, after all, though *we* are too great to anſwer diſtinctly to any one charge, we do not find it quite ſafe to reſt our juſtification on the work itſelf. No: the GREAT AUTHOR muſt deſcend a little from his dignity: he muſt throw out a few general topicks, by which the inattentive, the indolent, or the partial reader may, if poſſible, be miſled. The quotation, for inſtance, of a paſſage from Horace, deſigned by it's Author to juſtify a ſingle line, (which laughed at two contemptible individuals,) is applied to the juſtification of all ridicule, whatever it's kind or degree. But if the opinion of any ſatiriſt in his own defence can be produced as an argument, let us hear the ſame Poet on the ſubject of unwarranted and unfeeling ridicule:

——— Solutos

——— Solutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, *commiſſa tacere*
Qui nequit, hic * *niger* eſt.

Is this, (I will aſk any candid man,) or the paſſage he has himſelf cited, moſt applicable to the Author of *The Purſuits of Literature?*

"Cenſure," he complains, "is repreſented as "malignity, and reprehenſion as abuſe." Now if his cenſures appear, from the manner or degree, to ariſe from malignity; if his reprehenſion degenerate into abuſe, who is to blame? the perſon who gives occaſion for ſuch charges, or he by whom they are brought? I might ſelect, as an inſtance, his furious attack on Dr. Warton.

* I have heard the tranſlation of this paſſage by Francis ridiculed, as a ſtrange and ludicrous departure from the original. But it now appears to have been written with a *prophetic* ſpirit:

This man is vile: here, Roman, fix your mark!
His ſoul is black, as *his complexion's dark.*
Vol. iii. p. 61.

The whole paſſage is, indeed, (in the tranſlation,) not only deſcriptive of the little Satiriſt, but very much in the general ſtyle of his poetry.

I main-

I maintain that in * two points his cenſure is without juſt foundation; but, if they admit of a doubt, he ſhould have refrained from unqualified and vehement reprehenſion. In the other point, if we grant that Dr. W. miſtook his duty as Editor, is that a juſtification of inſolent and brutal invective †?

A more important objection (as he admits it to be) has been brought againſt his work, as inconſiſtent with that religion which he affects ſo much to revere. But how does our Satiriſt ſtate the objection? Is it (as he repreſents) an objection to ſatire in general? or to paltry, inſolent, uncandid, and (too often) malicious ſatire? Whether *The Purſuits of Literature* deſerve that character, or not, is the only point to be ſettled between us. Should it be found to merit all or any of theſe appellations, I ſhould like (for once)

* See the Poſtſcript to this work.

† And this from the ſame writer who, in another part of his work, ridicules Sir James Burges for not having made his Poem laſcivious and indecent! This from the ſame man who publiſhed the groſsly indecent paſſage about Acis and Galatea, and the more infamous alluſions reſpecting Mr. Steevens, &c. &c. !!!—Oh ſhame, where is thy bluſh?

to

to ſee him lay his hand on his heart and anſwer this queſtion: Have you, the pretended champion of Chriſtianity, acted on the divine principle of "loving your neighbour as your-"ſelf?" Have you (I will ſtake the whole cauſe upon this iſſue) invariably "*done unto* "*others as you would that others ſhould do unto* "*you?*"

I now proceed to the ſtrong hold, the tower of his defence. We, who condemn his work, as (in many parts) little better than a libel, are, it ſeems, deſtitute, not only of common ſenſe, but (*riſum teneatis!*) of *common law*: for, behold, the GREAT AUTHOR, he who holds Barriſters in ſuch ſupreme contempt, has gone ſo far in his legal lucubrations as to conſult an elementary book: (*Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum*) protected *, as he thinks, by the authority of one legal *dictum*, he laughs at all appeals to candour, or to feeling, and defies the ſacred tribunal of

* Even this might be fairly queſtioned; for that ſpecies of chaſtiſement which (it is admitted on all hands) the little Satiriſt has ſo often provoked, would certainly be a breach of the peace, however merited. He ſeems alſo compleatly ignorant that the principle quoted applies only to an indictment for a miſdemeanor, not an action for damages.

honour.

honour. But here my *learned friend* muſt excuſe me if, inſtead of accepting the iſſue tendered, I *demur* to his plea. Can no writing, then, be deemed, in common *parlance*, libellous, unleſs it be indictable at law? Can no character be depreciated, no honourable feeling wounded, no literary injuſtice effected, without the means of *legal* redreſs? What other defence have the moſt malignant ſcribblers, than that they juſt contrive to keep out of the pale of the law? Let me, however, adviſe him, now he has ſeized on this vantage ground, to reſt on it, as the moſt ſecure. Let him not talk of his "cha-"racter and reputation with his country," ſince he muſt be conſcious how wantonly he has ſported with the characters of others: let him not appeal to Chriſtianity, as the teſt of his conduct, while he muſt feel that he has violated the moſt extenſive principle of Chriſtian morality.

Having, in the notes to this edition, remarked on moſt of the other topics of the little Gentleman's defence, I will now only notice the convenient principle under which he would ſhelter all his illiberal attacks on individuals, all his unmanly and unfeeling ridicule. "*When the un-*

"*derſtanding*"

"*derſtanding*" (ſays he, with a Greek quotation *more ſuo*) "*is enervated, &c. it is open to all* "*manner of deception, and to all the impreſſions of* "*ſophiſtry.*" Were we to admit the truth of this principle *, in one ſenſe and in ſome degree, it would be impoſſible for the Author to prove it's application to one half of the perſons and works which he has thought proper to ſtigmatize, or oppoſe it to the inſtances of miſconduct which have been repeatedly produced.

This, however, and all ſimilar pretences, he *knows* to be vain. Scarcely a paſſage in which he has endeavoured to teaſe and vex, or to depreciate and injure, reſpectable perſons could have been written with the view of correcting their ſuppoſed errors, or producing any real good to ſociety. No: the manifeſt object was to exhibit the pleaſantry and humour of which he believes himſelf to be poſſeſſed, and to amuſe himſelf with his vaunted power of inflicting

* Perhaps we might deny the principle itſelf; at leaſt in any ſenſe applicable to the point in queſtion. For it by no means follows, that, becauſe a man thinks or acts abſurdly in a particular inſtance, (and who is there free from ſuch a foible?) his whole mind and conduct in life are thereby corrupted and miſled.

pain.

pain. The political incendiaries and jacobins are, indeed, juſtly reprobated. But this (thank Heaven!) was requiſite, to give popularity, or even plauſibility, to his ſatire. After all, "*he* "*may ſometimes have made his ſatire felt; but let* "*not injudicious admiration miſtake the venom of* "*the ſhaft for the vigour of the bow. He has ſome-*"*times ſported with lucky malice; but to him* "*that knows his company it is not hard to be ſar-*"*caſtic in a maſk. While he walks, like* JACK THE "GIANT-KILLER, *in a coat of darkneſs, he may do* "*much miſchief with little ſtrength. Let us abſtract* "*from his wit the vivacity of inſolence, and with-*"*draw from his efficacy the ſympathetic favour* "*of malignity; I do not ſay that we ſhall leave* "*him nothing; but if we leave him only his* "*merit, what will be his praiſe?*"—This was ſaid by the great Samuel Johnſon; and it was ſaid of a writer, "the latchet of whoſe ſhoes" the little Satiriſt "is not worthy to unlooſe *."

* The juſteſt character of the Author of the Purſuits of Literature was written above a hundred years ago: *Homo, ut notiſſimum eſt, ingenii maligni et oris maledicentiſſimi, qui, propter præſtantiſſimorum et de re literariâ optimè meritorum virorum invidas ac injurioſas calumniationes, merito* CANIS GRAMMATICUS *appellatur.*

ADVER-

THE

PROGRESS OF SATIRE.

"BOLD was the man" (*a*) (as ancient Poets ſay)
"Whoſe feeble bark firſt plough'd the wat'ry way."
As bold the Bard, who, panting for renown,
Dares launch *his* veſſel on that ſea—the Town;
Nor dreads a faction's rage, a rival's ſpite,
Or Satire's wanton malice (*b*) veil'd in night.

Yet

(*a*) HOR. Ode iii. Lib. I.

(*b*) The practice of ridiculing individuals by *name* in a ſatirical poem, and concealing that of the author who attacks them, is equally unworthy of a ſcholar and a gentleman. The writer who aſſails another in his perſonal, or even literary, character, ſhould (if he pretends to candour) make himſelf reſponſible for the juſtice of his accuſation.—"No:" (ſays the little anonymous Satirift) "Satire never has *its full force* if the author of it is known; for the "unworthineſs of any man leſſens the ſtrength of his objections.

Yet bolder he who, ſcorning faſhion's power,
Ne'er chas'd the gaudy meteors of an hour,
On native worth could build his honeſt claim,
And, ſelf-ſupported, climb the ſteep of Fame.
Fir'd by ſuch hopes immortal Milton ſung:
Such genuine numbers flow'd from Thomſon's tongue,
When, at his call, in fancy's brighteſt hue,
All nature roſe majeſtick to his view.
Thus, Shakſpear, maſter of the human heart!
Thy generous ſoul diſdain'd each groveling art,
With fleeting ſhadows ne'er debas'd the ſtage,
But bade thy pictures live through every age.

"This," he adds, "is a full anſwer to all who require the name of "a ſatirical Poet."——A notable anſwer indeed!—Not to inquire, as I might juſtly do, whether the fact itſelf be not very queſtionable; (for the candid part of mankind will ſurely give more credit to accuſations from a known good man than from one who *may* be of an oppoſite character) what is this but to juſtify every ſpecies of concealment and circumvention; which are, in many caſes, more *effectual* than open attacks? Would not ſuch a doctrine protect from cenſure the dark aſſaſſin and the midnight murderer? the ſtiletto of the Italian, and the poiſoned dart of the Indian? We now begin to underſtand the *profound*, but ſeemingly harmleſs, remark, that "*the* "*authorized*" (i. e. lawful) "*inſtruments of lawful war are lawful.*" Pulchrè! benè! rectè!—The end, it ſeems, juſtifies the means! Evil may be done that good (and a very doubtful good) may enſue!—Truly the little gentleman (I beg pardon, the little *man*, and that too is ſcarcely a proper term,) has been well denominated a *Jeſuit.*

Yet

Yet Bards, though leſs ſublime, have learn'd to pleaſe
By ſprightly fancy, or by graceful eaſe,
On taſte, on feeling, true delight impreſs'd,
Nor wak'd one ranc'rous paſſion in the breaſt.
Thus later ages have conſpir'd to praiſe
The courtly Waller's ſmooth and gentle lays:
Thus Prior's ſtrains could every grace admit:
His fertile genius, and his varied wit,
Now with love's thrilling notes the heart aſſail,
Now charm the fancy by ſome ſportive tale.
Let the true Bard, when genuine ardours riſe,
Beam on his ſoul, and ſparkle in his eyes,
Each ſenſe, each feeling, waken'd to delight,
O'er wide creation throw his piercing ſight,
View Nature's form ſublime, her beauteous face,
That awes by dignity, or charms by grace,
Or trace, through each condition of mankind,
The ſtrong, but varying features of the mind.
Each ſcene, where'er enraptur'd Fancy ſtrays,
Deck'd by her charms, inſpires the Poet's lays.

Whence then does Genius, ſkill'd alone to gain
The choiceſt bleſſings of th'Aonian train,

Each nobler ſong, each gentler lay, decline,
Lur'd by the leaſt attractive of the Nine?
In petty wars his ſpendid powers diſplay,
And dwell on themes that ſcarce outlive the day?
Alas! 'tis envy prompts, or anger ſways
Our hearts, more prone to cenſure than to praiſe.
Though oft th' unbluſhing vices of her age
Have juſtly wak'd indignant Satire's rage,
How oft does wanton wit, or ranc'rous pride,
Flow with a noxious and polluted tide,
Where malice tinges her envenom'd dart,
That fixes deep, and rankles in the heart!

Ariſe! thy violated rights defend,
Propitious Candour, merit's conſtant friend!
Averſe to mark, reluctant to accuſe,
The venial faults and frailties of the Muſe,
Yet prompt to cruſh each inſolent pretence
By manly reaſon and reſiſtleſs ſenſe,
With generous zeal the ſophiſt's art expoſe,
And wake th' indignant ſtrain 'gainſt virtue's foes,
But, when true genius lights its heaven-born flame,
Fan the bright ſparks, and point the way to fame.

Say,

Say, (*c*) ſhall I paint, in fierce diſdainful rhyme,
The weak, but harmleſs Poet's *deadly crime*,
And laſh the culprit, whoſe aſpiring lays
Strive for the nobleſt meed, ingenuous praiſe?
Or, in conceit and pedantry's fond dream,
Make the (*d*) *Purſuits of Lit'rature* my theme,
Alarm the church and ſtate in ſtyle myſterious,
("*Seeming humility and tone imperious*,") 70
Talk (*e*) "*'bout*" French prieſts and Wincheſter great houſe,
Labour like mountains, then bring forth a mouſe,

Diſdain

(*c*) This vehemence againſt ſome writers who were fair, though perhaps not very ſucceſsful, candidates for fame, is, in my opinion, the fault of the Baviad. It is a departure from the Author's plan; which was to ridicule the arrogance and falſe taſte of a particular ſet of coxcombs. Mr. G.'s imitator, the *Purſuer of Literature*, (as he has been juſtly called) can copy only his fault, with ſcarcely a ſpark of his merit.

(*d*) I ſhould here apologize for ſome clumſy abbreviations, but that they are ſanctioned by my *great* original (*errare cum Platone*, &c.). The reader will obſerve I have borrowed ſome expreſſions and one entire line from him, deeming them peculiarly *happy* in themſelves, as well as applicable to the ſubject.—It is not, perhaps, eaſy to ſay how *ſeeming humility* and *tone imperious* can exiſt together. But if it be meant that the general tone is imperious, with ſome occaſional pretences to humility, nothing can more exactly deſcribe the Purſuits of Literature.

(*e*) "Of Lorkin's diligence *'bout* Lord's arrears." See P. of L. Part IIſt, page 23, of the early editions.—The little man has in

Diſdain all order, and reject all plan,
Affect the ſcholar, but "*forget the man*,"
(*f*) And, while detraction's dæmons "*round me roll*,"
"Stamp on th' infernal page the malice of my ſoul."
No: be it mine to ſtem vain faſhion's tide,
That buoys the ſaucy ſat'riſt's ſenſeleſs pride,
And bid him, ere this angry ſtrain we hear,
To his own faults be juſt, if not ſevere.

Since then, ingenuous Muſe, thy tuneful choir
For harſher ſounds rejects the gentle lyre,
Say, from what ſource, in what far diſtant age,
Fierce Satire roſe, and taught thy verſe to rage;
Trace the ſtrong current of her claſſic ſtrains
From ancient Rome to Britain's favour'd plains;

this, as in many other inſtances, profited by my admonition, and it now ſtands—"*for* Lord's arrears!"—But perhaps the line has loſt as much in one way, by the change, as it has gained in the other.

(*f*) "And, while the ſwelling numbers round him roll,
"Stamps on th' immortal page the viſions of his ſoul."
P. of Lit. Part IV.

The Alexandrine line, though in ſome meaſure copied from Dryden, is certainly a fine one, but dearly purchaſed by the admiſſion of it's bombaſt aſſociate.—I have no ambition to become perſonally acquainted with the little gentleman, but ſhould like, for once, to ſee him with his pen in his hand and "the ſwelling *numbers rolling* "*round him*."

Mark

Mark where ſhe breaks or truth's or candour's laws,
And wake her ſlumb'ring zeal in virtue's cauſe.

Though far from Helicon's more tranquil ſhade,
(*g*) Greece early nurtur'd this ungentle maid,
When, fired by wrath, in keen Iambick ſongs,
The bold Archilochus avenged his wrongs,
And Comick bards, with malice unconfin'd,
Aſſail'd the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind;
Till juſtice, waked at length, with wholeſome pains
Check'd the wild licence of their ſavage ſtrains,
Bade harſh unfeeling ribaldry to ceaſe,
Nor wanton inſults wound domeſtick peace.
Thence taught, (*h*) Aurunca's Bard expos'd to view
Thoſe forms his rough but vigorous pencil drew,

(*g*) Both Horace and Quintilian aſcribe the origin of Satire to the Romans: and this is true in the ſenſe in which they uſed the term; viz. to deſcribe certain poems, of a miſcellaneous kind, on the manners or morals of the times. But in modern language all lampoons, or ſevere writings, are called Satires; and the origin of theſe may be traced to the Iambicks of Archilochus, and the old Greek Comedy; from which laſt, Horace himſelf admits, the Satires of Lucilius were derived, with no other change than that of the metre.

(*h*) Lucilius was born at Aurunca, a town of Etruria, and is therefore called by Juvenal *Auruncæ alumnus*.

In ſmoother numbers and a ſtyle leſs rude,
Though careleſs ſtill, old Ennius' ſteps purſued.
Oft as with ardent zeal he wak'd the lay,
Vice ſhrunk abaſh'd, and own'd the Muſe's ſway;
Pale, as when Jove's avenging thunders roll,
Guilt heard, and trembled to her inmoſt ſoul.
Yet, fam'd Lucilius, (*i*) faction's bitter rage
Could warp from candour thy diſtinguiſh'd page,
And zeal or intereſt urg'd thee to oppoſe
With angry taunts thy patron's nobleſt foes.
But when were party's furious zealots known
To cheriſh (*k*) "virtue and her friends alone?"
Yet who the grateful tribute can refuſe
To him whoſe worth inſpired the ſweeteſt Muſe?

(*i*) Metellus is ſaid to have been ſatirized by Lucilius; and, though it is not clear which of the Metelli is meant, yet as the Chiefs of that family were on bad terms with Scipio, the patron of that Poet, there is too much reaſon to think he was influenced by party motives.

(*k*) "*Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.*" Hor.—But of what Satiriſt can this be truly ſaid? Certainly not of Pope, who applies the line to himſelf: ("To virtue only and her friends a friend.") Probably Horace and his ſucceſſors deſerved this praiſe more than any of our Engliſh Satiriſts, excepting Young; as not one of the names whom they attacked has been tranſmitted to us, through other channels, as undeſerving of the ſtigma affixed to them.

Horace,

Horace, thy gay yet philoſophick ſtrains
Nor envy warps, nor wanton malice ſtains.
In thee what different charms unite to pleaſe!
The ſcholar's judgment with the courtier's eaſe,
With graceful raillery, with wit refined
That gently probes, yet never wounds the mind.
To life, to manners true, thy moral page
Diſplays the genuine features of the age;
And, when ſome paraſite, buffoon, or knave,
Some ſhameleſs prodigal, or upſtart ſlave,
Was mark'd by ridicule, thy happy art
Seem'd not to aim, yet fix'd th' unerring dart.

But angry Satire, in ſucceeding times,
Awaked to vengeance, rouſed by daring crimes,
When from the (*l*) Stoic ſchool grave Perſius brought
The rigid lore her ancient ſages taught,
And ardent virtue with ſublimer rage
Inſpired fierce Juvenal's indignant page.
What keen reproach, (alas!) what cauſtick lays
Could brand too deeply (*m*) Rome's degen'rate days,

(*l*) Perſius was educated by Cornutus the philoſopher, and addreſſes one of his Satires to him.

(*m*) Perſius deſcribed the reign of Nero, Juvenal that of Domitian.

When

When vice, the curb of fear or ſhame unknown,
Rear'd her proud creſt triumphant on the throne?

From theſe illuſtrious models (*n*) Britain draws
The moral ſong, and frames her Satire's laws:
But to new themes her Muſe applies the rhyme,
Free as her ſons, and varying as her clime.
To life, to manners, now no more confined,
The general faults or follies of mankind,
For bolder flights proud Satire plumes her wings,
(*o*) The friend, or foe, of Stateſmen and of Kings,
And oft, with Faction's fierce reſentment warm,
Points her dread vengeance, and "directs the ſtorm."

Rough Donne, in homely ſtrains, devoid of art,
Spoke the plain truths that prove an honeſt heart.

(*n*) I have not deemed it neceſſary to inſert any account of the French Satiriſts, ſince they, as well as our own, (for the moſt part,) copied from the Romans; and this Eſſay profeſſes only to trace the progreſs and ſtate of abuſes of that ſpecies of poetry, not to characterize all who excelled in it.

(*o*) Political Satire (I mean that of which the primary object is politics) ſeems to have originated in this country, and cannot, perhaps, be traced higher than Butler. I had omitted to mention his celebrated work, on account of it's ſingular nature, and it's not being derived from the Roman Satire.

In

In learning rich, in native humour bold,
His merry tale the laughing Butler told,
And mark'd fanatic pride and factious zeal
In ſatire faithful to his country's weal.
But Dryden's vigorous Muſe, as intereſt ſways,
Now wounds by ſatire, and now ſooths by praiſe:
Now ſtoops to cruſh (*p*) an envious Poet's name,
The dull proud rival of his ſplendid fame,
Now (*q*) weaves the myſtic fable, to expoſe
Dire faction's arts and brand a monarch's foes.
Oh! hadſt thou ſcorn'd thy towering ſoul to bend,
Of guilt the flatterer, and of vice the friend,
Ill-fated Bard! how few, with generous pride,
Aſſail'd by want, can ſtem corruption's tide?
How few, when life is cruel fortune's ſport,
Could ſhun the gay allurements of a Court?
'Tis thus the pitying Muſe her wrath allays,
And half forgives the ſtrain ſhe dares not praiſe.

But who thy finiſh'd beauties can diſplay,
Pope, mighty maſter of the moral lay?

(*p*) In his Mackflecknoe.

(*q*) It is hardly neceſſary to ſay, that his Abſalom and Achitophel is here alluded to.

Whoſe

Whoſe manly wit and poliſh'd taſte combine,
Point the ſtrong ſenſe, and tune th' harmonious line.
Soft as the ſtrains that grac'd th' Horatian lyre,
Sublime as Juvenal's more vigorous fire,
Thy magic numbers with prevailing art
Steal on th' enraptured ear, and win the heart.
(*r*) Each form ſucceeding Bards for Satire chooſe
Springs from thy various, thy accompliſh'd Muſe;
Whether they claim (*s*) juſt imitation's praiſe,
And claſſick thoughts adapt to Britiſh lays,
Or, more inventive, in appropriate rhymes
(*t*) Diſplay the manners, and record the times,
Or, mighty trifles ſtudious to rehearſe,
(*u*) Strut on the ſtilts of mock-heroic verſe,

(*r*) It is not meant that we had no examples of theſe different ſpecies of Satire prior to the writings of Pope, but that moſt of our ſubſequent Satiriſts, in theſe different branches, have taken him for their model.

(*s*) His Imitations of Horace have ſerved as a model for all ſubſequent imitators.

(*t*) His Ethic Epiſtles afford the favourite example of that kind of Satire.

(*u*) The Rape of the Lock is here alluded to.

Or

Or (*v*) daſh proud dulneſs from Parnaſſus' height,
And with the Muſe's arms aſſert the Muſe's right.

Alas! could wit, could genius bright as thine
E'er give to ſpleen one harſh ungenerous line;
Or bid with bitter eloquence to flow
That verſe (*x*) "which made an Addiſon thy foe?"

With wit that elſe had claim'd an equal prize,
But taſte leſs juſt, ſee (*y*) virtuous Young ariſe!
His keen remark, well-temper'd, though ſevere,
His lively ſentence, and his pointed ſneer,

(*v*) The Dunciad belongs both to the third ſpecies of Satire here mentioned, and alſo to the fourth, viz. Satirical Criticiſm.

(*x*) "Curſt be that verſe, how ſmooth ſoe'er it flow,
"That tends to make one honeſt man my foe!"
was the juſt imprecation of Pope on malevolent Satire. Yet too many inſtances of ſpleen and ill-humour (not to ſay ill-nature) might be given from his works. I have choſen his attack on Addiſon, becauſe it originated in ſlight and probably ill-founded ſuſpicions, and becauſe the character of Addiſon, and the important ſervice he had rendered to the morals (as well as manners) of his country, ſhould have protected him againſt a treatment ſo ſevere.

(*y*) Scarcely any Engliſh Poet is ſo invariably zealous in the cauſe of virtue as Dr. Young.

At general vice, or flagrant follies, aim
Their nobler ſting, nor wound one honour'd name.

But ſoon 'twas thine to mark, indignant Muſe,
Degen'rate Satire warp'd by party views.
See, her bold front Malignity diſplay,
And Faction triumph (z) in fierce Churchill's lay!
Nor Candour's voice, nor ſenſe of right and wrong,
Checks in it's courſe his dire vindictive ſong.
He deals on every ſide the fatal blow,
Nor owns ſenſe, wit or virtue in a foe.
And yet inſulted Candour muſt admire,
Diſtinguiſh'd Bard, thy Muſe's ſtrength and fire,
Muſt own, if party-zeal had ne'er confined
To tranſient themes thy bold and fervid mind,
Britain had dwelt with rapture on thy page,
Preſerv'd by genuine worth from age to age.

(z) Churchill ſeems to have been, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, a party Poet, perhaps the leaſt amiable votary of the Muſes. The aſperity of his Satire (often ariſing from party prejudice) muſt be diſguſting to every impartial reader.—Yet his poetry, though occaſionally negligent, poſſeſſed great vigour and ſpirit: and he is leſs read at preſent, only becauſe he choſe temporary and evaneſcent ſubjects for his Satire.

Still Satire ſeeks a tranſitory name,
Nor heeds the call of never-dying fame,
Purſues vain ſhadows, and exerts her power
To catch the fleeting faſhions of an hour.
Shrouded in night, the feign'd (*a*) Macgregor pours
The tide of ſong from wit's abundant ſtores,
Skill'd to combine with humour's richeſt vein
The pomp of verſe, the mock majeſtic ſtrain.
And thou, ſweet Bard! o'er whoſe untimely urn
The Graces droop, the Muſe delights to mourn,
(*b*) Tickell, in vain to taſte, to genius dear,
Accept this fond, this tributary tear!
'Twas thine by playful ridicule to ſeize
(*c*) Gay Faſhion's follies, yet her vot'ries pleaſe,

(*a*) The name aſſumed by the unknown author of the Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers.

(*b*) Richard Tickell, Eſq. grandſon to Thomas Tickell the Poet, and friend of Addiſon. The "little Satiriſt" calls Mr. Tickell "*the happieſt occaſional writer of his day.*" This is a juſt character; though we may fairly ſuſpect the writer's motive. (*Virtutem incolumem odimus, ſublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*)—But Mr. Tickell might have obtained much higher praiſe, had he employed his talents in works of a more permanent nature.

(*c*) See *The Wreath of Faſhion*; a poem written to ridicule the then prevailing taſte for ſentimental poetry.

Stern

(*d*) Stern Party's rage by ſprightly wit allay,
And cheer her gloomy ſcenes by fancy's ray.
Oh! hadſt thou e'er, by true ambition fired,
To nobler themes, to laſting fame, aſpired,
Each charm, each gift of the propitious Nine,
That graced th' Auſonian lays, had beam'd in thine.

Severer Satire, from a different ſource,
Flow'd with rough vehemence and turbid courſe.
When (*e*) C—s from Faſhion's heavenly region fell,
Enraged he waked the Majeſty of Hell,
And bade him, iſſuing from th' infernal gloom,
Record diſtinguiſh'd guilt, and ſtamp it's doom.
Harſh was his cenſure, not unjuſt his aim;
(*f*) While Satire echoed the loud voice of fame.

(*d*) *The Project*, a political poem, and the witty and elegant Epiſtle from Mr. Fox, Partridge-ſhooting, to Mr. (now Lord John) Townſhend, Cruizing, are here alluded to; though Mr. Tickell was moſt known by his celebrated pamphlet, *Anticipation*.—His leſſer poems alſo have great merit, either for wit and humour, or tenderneſs and elegance:

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

(*e*) Author of The Diaboliad, and ſome other Poems of the ſame kind, the ſatire of which being merely perſonal, is now almoſt wholly forgotten.

(*f*) The characters expoſed in The Diaboliad were, for the moſt part, notoriouſly profligate.

But

But lo! what tumults riſe? what buſtling throng
Provokes the ſcornful critic's angry ſong?
'Tis (*g*) Affectation's motley crew invades,
With ſteps unhallow'd, the Pierian ſhades:
They ſeize the ſacred chair, their (*h*) ſhrill notes raiſe,
And ring th' unvarying peal of mutual praiſe.
Mourn, claſſic Muſe! conceit pollutes thy ſtrain,
Proud *Nonſenſe* triumphs in her Cruſca's reign:
When ſee, reſentment ſparkling in his eyes,
To cruſh thy foes indignant (*i*) G——d riſe!
Thy foes, the fluttering inſects of an hour,
Fly from his rage, or bow beneath his power.
Yet why, victorious champion, why abuſe
The cheap and eaſy conqueſt of thy Muſe?
Inſult the fall'n, or brand ſome Bards who claim
No proud diſtinction in the ranks of fame?
The modeſt Poet's unobtruſive lays
True candour pardons where it cannot praiſe.

(*g*) Della Cruſca, Anna Matilda, &c. &c. &c. who ſurfeited us with their bad taſte, conceit, and effrontery: although ſome of them were not wholly deſtitute of genius and poetical ſpirit.

(*h*) This was a favourite mode of rhythm with the Cruſca ſchool.

(*i*) Author of the Baviad and Mæviad.

Conceit once check'd, let angry warfare ceaſe,
And unoffending dullneſs reſt in peace.

Or ſeek the nobler praiſe of him who draws
His pen in Virtue's and Religion's cauſe,
And mark, what awful ſcenes, what deeds, conſpire
To rouſe the Patriot's zeal, the Poet's fire!
See the cool Sophiſt, with collected mind,
Spread poiſon, rage, deſtruction o'er mankind!
See baſe Oppreſſion, uncontroll'd by ſhame,
In Freedom's garb, uſurping Freedom's name!
See, Britain, thy (*k*) triumphant flag unfurl'd!
Thy ſons undaunted, " 'midſt a falling world!"
And oh, while yet thy generous bands maintain
True freedom's empire o'er the circling main,
Senſe, learning, genius, in thy cauſe unite!
Be bold in eloquence, as firm in fight!
" (*l*) Senſe, genius, learning, wit, in me combine,"
A *nameleſs ſat'riſt* cries, " all, all are mine!
" 'Tis mine, by keen unerring judgment graced,
" To reign, deſpotic arbiter of taſte,

(*k*) Theſe lines were written immediately after the news of Lord Duncan's glorious victory.

(*l*) No impartial reader of *The Purſuits of Literature* will, I think, deem the following ſpeech exaggerated, notwithſtanding the veil of modeſty occaſionally aſſumed by the Author.

" To

" To awe by (*m*) myſtic threats the paſſive Town,
" Raiſe by a ſmile, extinguiſh by a frown,
" And brand the name of each devoted wight,
" But hide my own, (*n*) ſecured by friendly night."

Alas!

(*m*) In one of his Prefaces (viz. to Part II. edit. 1ſt.) the *little great Author* ſays, " I diſſuade every perſon from flippant and ran-
" dom application of any ſuppoſed name: it is as unjuſt as it is ab-
" ſurd. *Flebit, et inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe*, was ſaid of old; and
" I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent ſagacity
" and curioſity, to remember that there is a darkneſs *which may be*
" *felt.*" In his Preface to Part IV. he uſes expreſſions which, to all *common* apprehenſions, ſeem equivalent: viz. that " *it will be more*
" *than fooliſh* to be very inquiſitive."

The audacious preſumption of the above threat could only be equalled by its egregious abſurdity. No man, I believe, read it without a mixture of indignation and contempt. But, when laſh'd, on that account, in this and ſome other publications, what does the little gentleman reply?—Truly, that no threat was intended!—It was meant only to intimate that ſuch an attempt would be fruitleſs. Wiſely, however, he omits the firſt and ſtrongeſt of the two paſſages; a paſſage to which it is impoſſible, by any torture of expreſſions, to give a different meaning. The latter, indeed, is plain enough; eſpecially as he took care to print the moſt material words in *Italicks*. What are we now to think of this *high and mighty* champion of morality, religion, &c.; who (as a great writer expreſſes it) " meanly ſneaks out of a difficulty, into which he had
" proudly ſtrutted?"

(*n*) Yet he boaſts of his courage (See the concluding Note to Part IV.), that courage which dares not look the injured in the face! He might as well pride himſelf on his character; that *cha-*

Alas! can pride to ſuch importance raiſe
A wretched mortal, puff'd by tranſient praiſe?
Thou, who (*o*) no faults, no weakneſs, canſt excuſe,
Hear thy own merits from th' ingenuous Muſe;
Who, proud all juſt diſtinctions to admit,
Proclaims thee half a Poet, (*p*) half a Wit;

Now

racter which ſhuns the teſt of ſcrutiny! But I aſk his pardon:—"*The unworthineſs of any man leſſens the ſtrength of his ob-*"*jections.*" This curious defence has been already expoſed. But it is ſomething to find it admitted there may be ſome *unworthineſs* even in THE GREAT AUTHOR. I am apt, indeed, to ſuſpect we ſhould find him to be a poor mortal, like ourſelves, liable to all our prejudices, impelled by our paſſions, and indulging ſome of the worſt of them. The objection, however, to anonymous Satire on private characters (and even on literary works, unleſs you fairly diſcuſs them) is, I conceive, unanſwerable. Every accuſer ought to be reſponſible, if not for the truth, at leaſt for the fairneſs of his charge, and the integrity of his motives. An anonymous Satiriſt is "an unknown Proſecutor." He ſhrinks from that reſponſibility to which every man who attacks the character of another ought to ſubject his own.

(*o*) He dwells on the ſlighteſt faults of eminent writers with an invidious minuteneſs, ſlightly noticing their merits, or (in ſome caſes) paſſing them over entirely.

(*p*) Although the perſon alluded to is, no doubt, concerned in the work, it is next to impoſſible the whole ſhould have been written by one perſon; not ſo much from a variety in the ſtyle, as from the ſtrange and frequent inconſiſtencies throughout. It is ſcarcely ever, indeed, elegant, but ſometimes it has a certain degree of poetical

ſpirit:

Now vig'rous, ſpirited, (*q*) almoſt ſublime,
Now tagging (*r*) feeble words to feeble rhyme;
Now

ſpirit: at other times it is not only proſaic, but vulgar; though no one is ſo forward as the writer in cenſuring every degree of vulgarity in others. Sometimes his declamations in the Notes appear eloquent, at others frothy and puerile: on ſome occaſions his ſarcaſms are pointed and juſt; on others wretchedly trifling, or deliberately ill-natured.

(*q*) In his moſt laboured effort at ſublimity (Part IV. from page 15 to 22 of the firſt edition,) he is in part ſucceſsful; but in ſome parts inflated and obſcure. There is alſo too much appearance of art and labour. The writer reſembles, as Johnſon (and, I think, Longinus before him) expreſſed it, "a lion kindling his rage by the "laſh of his own tail." True ſublimity is more ſimple and natural. I had remark'd that his poet, who

Hears in each blaſt ſome conſecrated rhyme,
Trac'd by the ſpirit of the troublous clime,

muſt have been the noted *Della Cruſca*. He has now omitted the couplet, but without ſubſtituting any thing to connect that which preceded to that which followed it; which now appear disjointed, and little better than nonſenſe. And we have ſtill "*the ſwelling* "*numbers round him roll*," nearly as bombaſt an expreſſion, I venture to ſay, as ever was hazarded in poetry.

(*r*) To cite the feeble and proſaic paſſages in *The Purſuits of Literature*, would be to repeat almoſt half the book. Many alſo, which are not quite proſaic, are inelegant and vulgar; and the purity and propriety of the Engliſh language are often groſsly violated: a fault unpardonable in one who aſſumes the office of a ſatirical critic and literary cenſor. Some of theſe improprieties he

Now arm'd, 'gainſt daring crimes, in Virtue's cauſe,
Now meanly cavilling at (*s*) petty flaws;

Now

has lately corrected; inſtructed (as it ſhould ſeem) by *The Progreſs of Satire*; though he has not the gratitude to confeſs his obligation. His dogs no longer wear *blue ſandals*, nor are they "*coated* "*for the public brunt.*" But they are ſtill "*black-letter'd for a* "*chace;*" for the *joke* of printing the word in black-letter could not be ſpared. The other improprieties remain, with many that had not been noticed; yet this edition, he ſays, has been reviſed *with the greateſt care*. Many of his vulgarities are noticed in a very ſenſible eſſay called *Strictures on the Purſuits of Literature*. Many more, and perhaps ſtronger, inſtances might be added.—But, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" I will, therefore, only remind my little *friend* (againſt his next reviſion) of the chimney-ſweeper's reply to Pope:—"*Mend you! It would take leſs trouble to make a* "*new one.*"

(*s*) What can be more paltry, than the cavils he makes at the commentators on Shakeſpeare; than his ſarcaſms on the profeſſion and private concerns of writers (with which neither he nor the public has any thing to do); on Mr. Erſkine for taking opium; on Mr. Abbot for having a ſmiling countenance, &c. &c.?—"He ſtoops to "ſuch trifles" (he would have us believe) "rather unwillingly." Quite the reverſe, if the *evidentia rei* is to decide. Nothing appears to delight him ſo much: he is never in his own element but when he can indulge in this kind of ribaldry. But has this child of "play-"fulneſs and humour" (as he is pleaſed to term his wanton and unfeeling ridicule) never read the fable of the Boys and Frogs? Does he really think it allowable to depreciate the characters and ſport with the feelings of reſpectable perſons, *merely to obtain a greater variety of topics for his ſatire?* His defence, in effect, amounts to this, and this alone—(See the Letter to a Friend, prefixed to The P. of L., 7th

edit.

Now candid, now by prejudice debaſed,
(A (*t*) Bigot's principles, a (*u*) Pedant's taſte) 290
Prompt

edit. p. 12.)—I leave it to the judgment which every man of candour and feeling muſt pronounce. With regard to the "high "crime and miſdemeſnor" which ſome ſcholars have committed by tranſlating Gray's Elegy, the little gentleman bears teſtimony againſt himſelf, when he aſks "What intereſt have mankind in a "few old Greek boys in gowns and caſſocks?" Then pray, my good Sir, why all theſe remarks upon them? Why dwell on the ſubject through fourteen pages of text and notes? But "the ex-"ample," it ſeems, "*is of the deepeſt conſequence.*" Indeed! Theſe Greek *boys* are then become men of ſuch eminence as to poiſon by this *dreadful* example the whole current of literature. How inconſiſtent does a writer become when he ceaſes to make truth and candour his guides!

(*t*) If his furious and inceſſant declamations againſt the unfortunate French Prieſts, and his ridiculous fears leſt our charitable ſupport of them ſhould endanger the Eſtabliſhed Church, do not ſtamp him *a Bigot*, any argument to prove the point muſt be thrown away. "All he has adviſed" (he tells us) "is on the ſide of cau-"tion." Be it ſo. But what occaſion then for miſrepreſentation and invective? If this be the language of caution, what is that of perſecution? What could he have ſaid more, had his deſign been to excite every vindictive paſſion againſt theſe reſpectable men, who are the martyrs, not to the Roman Catholic perſuaſion, but to Chriſtianity itſelf?

(*u*) If pedantry be properly defined "an oſtentatious diſplay of "learning," no one but a pedant can deny the little Gentleman that title. I had quoted a ſtrong inſtance of it, his quaint and forced conceit (continued through ten pages) of comparing the Commentators on Shakeſpeare to Actæon's hounds. But inſtances might be produced from almoſt every page. What he ſays in de-

 fence

Prompt to repel Religion's barbarous foes,
Yet (*x*) cruſh her ſons, and aggravate their woes;
And

ſence of his quotations, does not apply to thoſe inſtances (and they are numerous) where the quotations are needleſs to illuſtrate the ſubject, or where they are drawn from Authors little known and of little merit or weight. Nor does he, in general, give the ſubſtance of them in Engliſh, as he is pleaſed to aſſert.

(*x*) It is matter of great ſurpriſe to me that the candid and able writer of "*Strictures on the Purſuits of Literature*" ſhould acquieſce in the illiberal invectives on the Emigrant Prieſts. He ſeems not to have conſidered againſt *whom* thoſe invectives were directed, and upon what grounds. The Emigrants at large are not perſecuted by the little Satiriſt; nor are their *political* principles adverted to. No: he affects to fear only the helpleſs, the reſpectable body of men, againſt whoſe *general* conduct in this kingdom ſlander itſelf has ſcarcely ventured a whiſper; againſt whom the Author himſelf does not bring any ſpecific charge. The charges that were brought by others were, I am well informed, refuted by a diligent and diſpaſſionate inquiry.—While they were maintained at Winton, they were placed (ſays he) "on a hill," meaning (if he has any rational meaning) to object to their conſpicuous ſituation, and to their being maintained in a body, inſtead of being diſperſed in private houſes; the very circumſtances, I conceive, that moſt effectually prevented the diſſemination of their religious principles. When they had been removed from that aſylum, even this did not ſatisfy the malice of their perſecutor. He diſcovered, it ſeems, that they were ſtill allowed, though in ſmaller parties, to aſſociate together. This was ſufficient to excite another furious philippic. The *mode* of relief is alſo objected to; although it is adminiſtered under the direction of a Committee of reſpectable Gentlemen, and known friends to our Eſtabliſhed Church; and the Biſhop of Leon is only conſulted as beſt knowing the characters and pretenſions of thoſe who apply. But if there is no intention to deprive theſe helpleſs

objects

And blending love of truth and zeal for right
With bloated *(y)* arrogance, and (*z*) envious ſpite.

Nor

objects of charitable ſupport, why is the ſum allotted to them and the Lay Emigrants (who are on this occaſion joined in order to inflame the reckoning) ſo frequently ſtated and invidiouſly dwelt upon? He cannot be ignorant that, whatever may be the aggregate amount, the pittance to each individual is barely adequate to the ſuſtenance of life. But what if, in addition to this, it ſhould appear *from the Records of Parliament* that the whole ſum hitherto granted for the ſupport of the Emigrants amounts to leſs than he has ſtated as granted in the year 1796 ALONE?—I leave every reader to draw the inference.—To ſay "GOVERNMENT ought not to relieve them," is to ſay they ſhould not be relieved at all; the funds of private charity having been long ſince exhauſted.

(*y*) The proofs of his arrogance (I repeat it) ſtare the Reader in the face in almoſt every page; though we have here and there an hypocritical profeſſion of humility. The very purpoſe of his work (viz. to exalt or depreſs the fame of cotemporary writers at his will and pleaſure) is the height of arrogance. It is ſomething worſe, to decline contemptuouſly a diſcuſſion of thoſe charges which are brought againſt him by reſpectable and injured perſons, and echoed by the almoſt unanimous voice of mankind. "The *ſume ſuperbiam* of a Poet ought not (he tells us) to be rigidly "examined." But (beſides that it appears full as often in his proſe) it ought to be the pride of a *real* Poet, not of one whoſe poetry (excepting a few occaſional ſallies) conſiſts chiefly of flat and proſaic lines, or inelegancies and improprieties of language, or ſervile, unacknowledged, and, for the moſt part, clumſy, imitations of Pope.

(*z*) How far his attacks on meritorious writers originate in envy, is beſt known to his own heart; but if moſt of thoſe which I have inſtanced are not *ſpiteful*, I know not what can be

deemed

Nor think, howe'er ſhe boaſt her motley rhymes,
Thy (*a*) ſhapeleſs Muſe ſhall live to after-times.
No: though ſuſtain'd by mean unworthy art,
She (*b*) feed each baſer paſſion of the heart,
Indignant

deemed ſo. He bluſters, indeed, in his *Letter to a Friend*, as if he was, in every caſe, juſtifiable. But how does this boaſt accord with his frequent, though ſilent, retractions? If the paſſages in queſtion were at firſt proper, he ſhould not afterwards have omitted them in compliance with any cenſure. To give a ſtriking inſtance: The diſparaging account of Mr. Canning (manifeſtly the offſpring of envy) is now, by a magic touch of the pen, converted into praiſe, and without the leaſt apology or explanation. The candid acknowledgment of error might indeed, in ſome degree, atone for it. But this attempt to deceive our memories, this ſilent tergiverſation, is the diſgraceful ſubterfuge of meanneſs and inſolence.

(*a*) I call his Muſe *ſhapeleſs*, becauſe *nec pes nec caput uni reddatur formæ*. Indeed the whole paſſage in Horace deſcribes a work ſimilar to *The Purſuits of Literature*. The Author ſays he could analyſe his work; but I am convinced he dares not attempt it: for ſuch a proceſs would ſhew it in all it's native deformity. The authority of Pope's two Dialogues will not avail him. For (beſides that their merit would cover moſt defects) they are much ſhorter poems, and on a ſingle ſubject, his own writings; and they contain, in ſubſtance, merely a defence of himſelf, however occaſionally illuſtrated by general topics. But in far the greater part of Pope's ſatirical works there is an uniformity of deſign, and juſtneſs of arrangement, that ought to ſhame his pretended imitator.

(*b*) "Is there a paſſage" (he aſks) "which panders to the pol-
"luted affections and paſſions of bad men?" A pretty bold challenge! Have you then, my good Sir, never chanced to hear of a *gentle, amiable* paſſion called—ENVY? Or are Men of Letters and
Authors

Indignant virtue yet ſhall mark thy ſhame,
And juſtice blot thee from the rolls of fame.

Thus faſhion's praiſe allured the Sat'riſt's lay
To trifling themes that periſh with the day,
Bade him to fleeting modes adapt his mind,
Nor trace the bolder features of mankind;
And thus keen ridicule, which, well applied,
Checks full-blown arrogance and upſtart pride,
Inſpired by (*c*) ſelf-conceit, at random throws
It's wanton ſhafts, confounding friends with foes.

But

Authors peculiarly exempt from it? What ſay you then to a work, in which almoſt every Reader, eſpecially if alſo an Author, may find ſome enemy, ſome rival, or ſome envied ſuperior, depreciated or ridiculed? What ſay you to a work, in which the ſlighteſt failings in men of talents and virtue are eagerly ſeized and invidiouſly amplified?, in which the private concerns of Authors are brought forward merely to render them objects of contempt? in which the motives of public exertion are miſrepreſented, and the zeal of benevolence laughed to ſcorn? But, independent of this conſideration, let me aſk, is the general curioſity and appetite for ſlander among the paſſions moſt *honourable* to human nature? The boaſt of having publiſhed nothing offenſive to female delicacy is equally unfounded. See the paſſages cited in *Strictures on the Purſuits of Literature*, and thoſe referred to in this Work. Some others might be mentioned.

(*c*) It would, ſurely, be ſuperfluous to quote inſtances of conceit in the little Satiriſt. It pervades his whole work. He muſt have

rigid

But you, ye candid few, whoſe generous praiſe
Can beam on merit's unpreſuming lays,
Whom ſacred truth can charm, whom heaven has graced
With native ſenſe, with independent taſte,
Aſſert your ſacred rights! fulfil your truſt!
And, ſpurning faſhion's ſway, ſtill dare be juſt!
Nor you, ye injured Bards! who ſcorn to pay
Baſe homage to the minion of the day,
Retort his ſneering proſe, or flippant rhyme,
But calmly wait the juſt award of time.
Britain, at length awaked, ſhall own your claim,
Shall yield the full, the laſting meed of fame,
And ſtamp with juſt applauſe your honeſt page,
Secured from envy's hate and faction's rage.

rigid muſcles from whom the ſelf-importance of this "ſtrutting "Bantam" does not frequently provoke a ſmile. What, for inſtance, can be more truly ridiculous than his citing, on the authority of his ſingle aſſertion, four gentlemen as admiring his book, not one of whom has *publiſhed* a ſyllable concerning it. We have often ſeen teſtimonies of diſtinguiſhed writers quoted in recommendation of a work. But this, perhaps, is the firſt inſtance of an anonymous writer aſſuring the world that ſuch and ſuch men of literature commend his book. But as he is ſo fond of private anecdotes, let me adviſe him not to boaſt too much of Mr. Storer's "*love to his* "*lines*;" as thereby hangs a tale. Mr. S., on whoſe praiſe he plumes himſelf, laid a trap for the GREAT AUTHOR's vanity, and ſucceeded to a miracle. Never was a man of ſuch *profound* wiſdom ſo compleatly duped.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE little Satiriſt appearing conſcious of the indignation excited by his brutal attack on Dr. Warton, and attempting to juſtify it, a more full diſcuſſion of that ſubject may not be improper; though (as the public mind is pretty well made up on his conduct) it may not be neceſſary. It has, indeed, been ably treated by the author of *Strictures on the Purſuits of Literature*; but to perſons who have not ſeen that work, the following conſiderations will, I think, ſhew the artifices and malignity of our Satiriſt in their true light.

1. Nothing, when duly conſidered, can be more captious than to cenſure an Editor for publiſhing a likeneſs of his author. It is not, indeed, abſolutely neceſſary; but cuſtom authorizes and in ſome degree requires it; and it gratifies a very natural and harmleſs curioſity. Why then ſhould a practice encouraged in others, be cenſured in Lord Sheffield and Dr. Warton? Becauſe, forſooth, Gibbon had a clumſy perſon, and Pope a deformed one!—As if the knowledge of theſe circumſtances could leſſen the fame of either of thoſe diſtinguiſhed writers! The likeneſs of Pope was taken by an eminent painter without the leaſt view to caricature, and certainly makes him leſs deformed than tradition had repreſented him. But were it otherwiſe, what injury could be done thereby to his memory? What can it take from that reputation which was gained by the qualities of his mind, not of his perſon?

2. Another

2. Another objection is, that Dr. Warton has borrowed many of the notes from his celebrated Eſſay. But would any man profeſſing to give an edition of Pope, with compleat Notes, have done otherwiſe? Had Dr. W. avoided every remark that had appeared in his Eſſay, what cenſure would he not then have incurred! Should we not have been told that, from intereſted motives (namely, that his Eſſay might ſtill be an object of purchaſe), he had, in the edition, preſented us with the mere refuſe of his brain, with the gleanings of a harveſt already gathered? And how many Critics would have lamented that ſome other perſon had not undertaken the taſk, who would, without ſcruple, have borrowed the moſt valuable remarks from Dr. Warton, ſince the Doctor would not from himſelf!

3. On the next ground of attack, I am ſenſible that Dr. W. may be defended with great appearance of reaſon. This has been ably performed by the author of *Strictures on The Purſuits of Literature.* I am ſenſible that here too the little Satiriſt has been guilty of a miſrepreſentation; for Poems publiſhed by Pope himſelf, or with his conſent, in his riper years, are very different from Mr. E.'s *Geranium*, or any other irregular ſally of youth never publiſhed by it's author. Neither is Warburton's edition free from objectionable paſſages, and even poems. Yet I admit that, as far as my own opinion goes, it might have been better if Dr. W. had not ſo ſtrictly interpreted his duty as an Editor. But did that error, if it be one, require ſuch a profuſion of inſults and invectives? Is it true, as the Satiriſt aſſerts, that the *edition* only, not the *editor*, is the object of his animadverſion? Let any reader turn to the eight lines of the Text (I am aſhamed to recite them) in which ſo many opprobrious epithets are laviſhed! Let him turn even to the Note that contains this aſſertion,

aſſertion, and ſay there is no unprovoked and unneceſſary perſonality! No man, I repeat it, who had the feelings of a man, would have raked out ſo induſtriouſly, and aggravated ſo groſsly, every little blemiſh in Dr. W.'s work; or would have inſulted by ſuch language a man of his age and character. But no reſpect (it ſeems) is due to *age!* No, not even in the caſe of an eminent and amiable perſon! Have you forgotten then (moſt *worthy* ſir) the maxims of all your favourite claſſics? "*It is not* (you tell us) *in the title* "*page*"—Pro pudor!—Is there a ſingle reader of ſuch a book ignorant that Dr. Warton has been for nearly half a century one of the brighteſt ornaments to the claſſical literature of his country? But charge muſt be heaped upon charge. A few general obſervations (perfectly accordant with the ſpirit of the conſtitution) are picked out and diſtorted from their true meaning, in order to prove (contrary to the tenor of his work and life) Dr. W. a favourer of democracy. This, I am confident, is the firſt time ſuch a charge has been even inſinuated againſt him. His bittereſt enemies (if he has enemies) would be aſhamed of it. But "*Cæſar aſhamed!*" No: that quality of the mind has not a name in his vocabulary, not a correſpondent feeling in his breaſt. If, however, indignation at malignity would permit one to ſmile at the inconſiſtencies of ſelf-conceit, it would be amuſing to ſee the man who above all writers (of any learning) deals in colloquial barbariſms and vulgar idioms, reproaching Dr. Warton with what he is pleaſed to term vulgarity. Would it be believed that, in the work of this Cenſor General, of this faſtidious hypercritic, may be found ſuch couplets as this:

> He *roſe*, late heeded by patrician care,
> Though private friendſhip *help'd him to the chair!*

(N. B. This jumble of incongruity and vulgarity very *judiciouſly* cloſes a laboured paſſage.)

Or

Or this:

" I leave at *ſales* the undiſputed reign
" To *milk-white* Goſſet and *Lord Spenſer*'s train."

(N. B. *Milk white*, in the language of this *claſſical* Satiriſt, is " a man who is fond of books bound in white vellum." *Lord Spenſer* (in verſe) is in the true ſtyle of Peter Pindar, which our Satiriſt ſo ſtrongly reprobates.)

Or this:

" While o'er the *bulk* of theſe *tranſacted deeds*
" Prim Blagden pants, and *damns* them as he reads."

(N. B. *Bulk* here is for *the greater part;* a manifeſt vulgarity. *Tranſacted deeds* means the papers or eſſays of the Royal Society, called, by cuſtom only, *tranſactions*. " *Damns* " *them*" he explains to mean " does *not* damn them.")

Would it be believed too, that in the ſame work of the ſame Author are found the *puppet-ſhow* jeſts on Mr. Knight, the low ribaldry on Mr. Erſkine, and many other ſimilar paſſages? May we not, when ſuch a writer condemns the expreſſion " *our Author*," (for which great authorities might be adduced) refer him to an old proverb, too *vulgar* to be repeated here; though it would do admirably well either in his poetry or notes? But vulgarity is far from being the only characteriſtic that diſtinguiſhes the ſtyle of " *our Author*." An incongruity in his metaphors, an obſcurity in his ſentences, and a ſwelling bombaſt in his language, are ſo frequent throughout the *farrago libelli* which *he calls* a Poem, that it is difficult to ſelect inſtances only from the number which have equal claims to our choice. What does the reader think of the two following lines?

" Sooner the black weird *brother of the heath*
" With ſpells alarm an *innocent Macbeth*."

What

What of his "*mitred oath?*" which, if it mean any thing, muſt mean "*An oath that wears a mitre!*" What of the alliterative lines beginning with—"*'Tis Grey and grumbling*, &c." which (except that it is an execrable imitation of a ſportive paſſage in the Dunciad) means, it has been truly remarked, juſt nothing? What of ſuch downright inſipidity as the following couplet?

> "His learn'd Apology has Rennel framed,
> "And may hereafter be with Barrow named."

Surely a man ſo wanting in taſte throughout his own compoſitions, is the laſt perſon who ſhould pronounce (as he does *ex cathedrâ*) on the writings of others. To ſum up all:—The ſpirited and eloquent paſſages, in defence of public order, morality and religion, which we occaſionally find in *The Purſuits of Literature*, deſerve, and would have obtained, a very high degree of praiſe; but that the alloy (of ſlovenly and impure expreſſions in the verſe, and pedantry, vanity and virulence in the proſe,) is in ſo great a proportion to the ſterling gold. A continued commentary on the work would ſhew this beyond the power of controverſy. Such a commentary I had ſketched, and had ſome thoughts of publiſhing. But I perceive my adverſary is ſinking without a blow. We now ſcarcely ever hear of *The Purſuits of Literature*; while ſome, at leaſt, of the works which it vilified are daily riſing in their credit. The little Satiriſt has had his day, and, I venture to aſſert, will be more remembered hereafter (if he is remembered) in the works of his antagoniſts than by his own.

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